

than one who would readily, on most occasions, have made a good bargain for the dishonour attached to such a union where it was compensated by the gift of an important fief; but in this case, the royal had been too noble, and, notwithstanding the licentiousness of the feudal manners of that epoch of trouble, irregularities, and robberies, no knight durst openly, before his companions, disregard the honourable scruples which seemed to govern their consciences.

The knight's interchanged disdainful glances, and Sir Robert Knowles at length spoke his sentiments as a owl, which seemed, indeed, to be those of the owl. "I prefer," said he, roughly, "gaining a fief by my lance and sword in battle."

The Prince of Wales, doubtless expecting such a result, had shortly before whispered an order to one of his pages, the young man who had saved Rachel by dragging her to the church, who immediately left the society, and mounting a horse, departed at full gallop. "Gentlemen, your scruples do you honour," said Edward.

The haughty barons remained silent half-offended at the strange overtures the Black Prince had made them, although the policy and manners of the time fully justified him. Rachel no longer seemed to take any interest in the scene, but, more dead than alive, stood like an alabaster statue.

The countenance of the King of Castile, on the contrary, was animated by a sudden ray of joy; he would willingly have embraced all these knights who had exhibited so much contempt for the Jewess.

"Good evening," said he, at length, approaching Edward, "be less cruel towards that poor maid. Your knights are all too proud to marry a converted Jewess."

"Patience, sir," answered the Black Prince, "our cause is not yet hopeless. I still await here one of our best launces."

In fact it was not long before the door of the castle opened, and the knights as well as Don Pedro saw with surprise the new prisoner from the castle, the jovial and formidable Tom Burdett. The page had brought him from his prison in his pitiful accoutrements, altogether confounded by the unexpected incident.

"Sir Thomas," said the Black Prince, bluntly, advancing towards him, "you have been in Spain?"

"Alas, yes, my lord," answered the Late Comer, heaving a deep sigh from his broad chest, "and I shall long remember what I gained by the journey."

"You have, then, doubtless seen the daughter of Samuel Ben Levi, the treasurer of Don Pedro?" continued Edward.

"I have seen her on two occasions, which it seems to me impossible to forget, my lord," said Burdett. "The first time I was heavily wounded; and the second I was caught in a snare laid for Don Pedro, and I even saw a gallop prepared for my execution in the yard of the Alcazar. These two incidents have engrained the remembrance of the Jewess on my mind in an indelible manner."

"People praise her extraordinary beauty," resumed the prince, "do you agree in opinion with her admirers?"

Such a question in such a place naturally surprised the captain; but having got himself into trouble the day before for answering with frankness an interrogation of the prince, he deemed it prudent this time to pause before committing himself.

"Why that question, your highness?" respectfully asked, determined, if possible, to discover what his leader wished to arrive at.

All at once he perceived the pale countenance of the King of Castile, and heard the sighs of the young girl, who, covered with her veil, leant against the wall.

Burdett started; he did not comprehend how he could be concerned in the interests of Don Pedro.

"I want that beautiful Rachel married," said Edward, laconically.

"Married!" repeated the captain, whose wavering looks wandered uneasily from the prince to the king.

"Yes, Sir Thomas, and it is upon you that I counted," answered Edward.

"To find her a husband?" exclaimed the Late Comer, forcing a grim smile.

"Not so; but to marry her yourself," replied Edward, drily.

Burdett was confounded, but suddenly recollecting that Ben Levi, the father of Rachel, was the richest Jew in Spain, he regained his self-possession.

"But a Christian knight cannot marry a Jewess," he observed.

"Rachel has promised to abjure her Chaldean faith," answered Edward.

"But an unfortunate prisoner, who, directly after the exchange of rings, and the priest's blessing, must be led back to his cell, would be a sad husband for the lovely Rachel," resumed Burdett.

"By marrying her you will purchase your freedom," answered the Prince of Wales.

"I should certainly not hesitate to contract the alliance," said the Late Comer, "if, in exchange for so much grace and beauty, I had wherewith to offer some valuable pledge of acknowledgment; but, as your highness knows, I am as poor as Job."

"Your generosity shall not fail you," replied Edward. "The husband of Rachel will be able to offer his wife sufficient luxuries, and I shall add to the gift of an estate fifty gold nobles monthly, until a good office be vacant," said the prince.

In the meantime, the lords and barons laughed among themselves at the boldness of the captain, who seemed to be putting the Prince of Wales, his sovereign, to ransom.

The King of Castile felt his heart lacerated with the stings of jealousy, and approaching Rachel, said to her, in a voice trembling with anguish, "Sooner than see thee in the hands of that brutal soldier, I will renounce my crown for ever. There are moments, believe me, when I feel that my love for thee occupies more space in my heart than all my ambitious projects and dreams of vengeance. Say but the word, and I quit with thee this cruel court, where they sell me their hospitality and alliance at the expense of my happiness."

"Forget me, sir," said Rachel, sorrowfully, "for we see each other to-day for the last time."

At that instant the Prince of Wales approached the Jewess. "Rachel," said he, introducing the Late Comer to her, "Captain Burdett makes choice of you for a wife. Do you voluntarily accept him for a husband?"

"Yes, my lord, voluntarily," murmured the young Jewess, as she fell fainting on the floor. The standard and banners were that day blessed by the Bishop of Bordeaux.

(To be continued.)

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE DUCK.

The duck is a foul. There aint no doubt of this—naturalists say so—and common sense teaches it.

They are built something like a hen, and are an up and down, flat footed jay.

They don't kackle like the hen, nor kro like the rooster, nor holler like the peacock, or scream like the goose, nor turk like the turkey; but they quack like a roost dokter, and their bill resembles a veterinary surgeon's.

They have a woven fut, and can float on the water as natural as a soap bubble.

They are pretty much all feathers, and when the feathers are all removed, and their innards out, there is just about as much meat on them as there is on a crook necked squash that has gone tew seed.

Wild ducks are very good shooting, and are very good to miss also, unless you understand the bizness.

You should aim about three foot ahead of them, and let them fly up to the shot.

I have shot at them all day, and got nothing but a tail feather now and then; but this satisfied me, for I am crazy for all kind of sport, you know.

There are some kind of ducks that are very hard to kill, even if you do hit them. I shot, one whole afternoon, three years ago, at sum de-ko ducks, and never got one of them. I have never told of this before, and hope no one will repeat it—this is strikingly confidential.

PUZZLING THEM.

"Been in the army, I guess?" said an anxious inquirer on a railroad car.

"Never was in the army in my life," the traveller remarked.

"Fit a duel, p'raps?"

"Never fought a duel, Sir."

"Horse throwed you off, I guess, or something of that sort?"

"No, sir: nothing of the kind."

Jonathan tried various dodges, but all to no effect; and at last, almost out of patience with him self as well as with the gentleman, whose patience was very commendable, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg.

"I will tell you," replied the traveller, "on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question."

"Agreed, agreed!" exclaimed the eager listener.

"Well, Sir," remarked the gentleman, "it was bit off!"

"Bit off!" cried Jonathan. "Wa'll, I declare, I should like to know what on earth bit it off?"

Jonathan was no more inquisitive, and no more taken aback, than the inquiring Englishman, who had been betrayed into the presumption of asking the gentleman with whom he was travelling, if he was a single man?

"No, I am not, Sir."

"No, I beg your pardon—a married man?"

"No, Sir, I am not."

"Pray, excuse me; I perceive you are a widower."

"No, I am not a widower."

The inquisitor was nonplussed. Not a single man, nor a married man, nor a widower:

"Pray, what may you be, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"It is none of your business; but if you are very anxious to know, I am a divorced man, Sir!"

PAT AND THE PIG.

A countryman having killed a pig, and not wishing to divide with his neighbors, as was the custom in that country, said to his man (who, by the way, was a son of the Emerald Isle):

"Pat, if I give the neighbors, who have given to me, a piece of my pork, I'll have none for myself. Can you tell me what I am to do?"

"Bedad, sir," said Pat, "it's myself that can do that same thing."

"Good," says the countryman, rubbing his hands, and looking at Pat. "Now, tell me what I am to do."

"Faith, sir," said Pat, "sure and when the

erathur is clanel, just be after hanging it against the door, where every monther's son of them will see it, and early in the morning, before any one is about, get up and take in your pig and hide it away. Then, when your neighbors come, just be after telling them that the pig was sthole."

"Capital idea, Pat!" exclaimed the countryman, "I'll do it, by George."

So when the pig was cleaned, it was hung up outside, so that the neighbors might see it. The countryman anxiously awaited the approaching night, and at last retired to bed, but not to sleep. Pat, under cover of the darkness of the night, crept round the house and stole the pig.

What was the astonishment of the countryman, when at early dawn he arose to hide away his pig, but found no pig there, can be better imagined than described. Pat came in with his "top o' the mornin' to ye, sir," and giving him a knowing wink, said:

"Master, how about the pig?"

"Well, Pat, the pig was stolen in reality."

"Faith, and that sounds just as natural as if you lost your pig," said Pat, with another knowing wink.

"But, you blockhead, I tell you the pig was stolen."

"Faith, and be gorry, the sorra a bit o' me thought you could act so well. Just stick to that; its natural as life."

"By George," roared the now irate countryman, "I tell you the pig was stolen!"

"Och! be jabers," said Pat, "stick to it, and yer neighbors will believe you. And sorra a bit of it they'll get. Faith, I didn't think ye could do so well."

READING.

A taste for reading is one of the true blessings of life. Its advantages are three fold, for reading may be regarded as a resource, an amusement and a solid gain. As a resource, it is pre-eminent, since from childhood to age whoever has the capacity for enjoying a book has in his own hands a talisman yielding infinite pleasure and enjoyment. Reading is the "Open Sesame" which admits us to realms of enchantment, brings us face to face with the past, anticipates the future, and throws a glamour over the prosaic and often repulsive present. A book opens a window and gives us a look-out from ourselves, not only at whatever is passing in the world with out us, but also into the wide domains and infinite realms of imagination. Reading gives us the pleasure of conversing with the best minds at their best; for be it remembered that even the greatest men are not always agreeable companions. Men of genius are apt to be morose, abstracted, uncommunicative, or, what is worse, dull or stupid talkers, like Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Paul." But in their books they are seen at their very best. The poets have on their singing robes. The historians bring us the cream of their researches. The novelists tell their best tales in their best manner. In the essaysists we have nothing slipshod, but all is polished, refined, and like cut diamonds, with an infinitude of glittering facets. As for the wits and humorists, they are indeed "fellows of infinite jest," fresh and sparkling, and without a suspicion of dullness. And all this best of all good company is available at all times.

As a resource, then, what a treasure a taste for reading is! In the busiest lives there are moments which hang heavily on the hands; there are lonely hours to be got through as best they may be, and circumstances in which both work and companionship are alike out of the question. Then what a comfort is a book or a paper: anything to read and beguile the time. And in hours of sadness, even of sorrow, what consolation reading will afford, sometimes from what is read, sometimes from the mere act of reading! The mind becomes absorbed; something differing from the monotonous face of grief is presented to it, and for a while it is cheated into oblivion of the weight of the burden that is oppressing it. They are greatly to be pitied who have to bear up against the calamities of life, without resources save in the casual sympathies of those around them. But there is a yet higher point from which reading may be regarded, and a taste for it held to be a positive blessing. Reading instructs. Bacon quaintly says it "makes a full man;" it clearly supplies the mind with materials which it may turn to the utmost profitable account. Knowledge is always power; he who knows much has the advantage over him who knows little, and is pretty sure to become master of him who knows nothing. Now, while the foundations of knowledge are laid in schools, the superstructure must be got from books. They are like argosies which have "grated the golden scales" of knowledge, and bring us cargoes of all that is most rich and valuable. What should we know of the past except from books? What of distant worlds or remote countries? What of scientific researches and the fruits of lives spent in the service of humanity? What of life itself, and those lessons in its ways and resources which every new-comer on the stage has to learn for himself? What, moreover, of the vast creations of imagination, or the delicate flutterings of fancy, which add a charm and colour to the bare realities of existence? Whatever might have been the case in bygone times, books have become indispensable to those who would fight the battle of life profitably in these modern days.

SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness is one of the many evils to which human mortals are exposed. Some seize upon this baneful custom with the same eagerness of a drowning victim catching at a straw, when death is near, land at a distance, and the thought of rescue not to be dwelt upon. Such a person as this could gaze upon the devastation of cities, down fallen and down-trodden human beings, with calmness, and think of his gain. God has enabled us to determine, within our own limited sphere, right from wrong. In the good book we have revealed to us the reward if we do the former; if the latter, we have the penalty.

Will any sane person say selfishness is right in his or her opinion? I say no; you will all answer in the negative. In selfishness a man or woman distinctly displays their weakness, notwithstanding many of them ardently desire to be known as strong-minded and good people. The former they may possess in a partial sense of the word, but, most assuredly, not be latter.

There is a class of beings who attempt to lumber themselves of this habit; a few succeed, and others do not entirely, but improvement is visible. There are others so wrapped in this practice that they do not realize the fact, or will not acknowledge the same to themselves, that they can be enabled to turn aside from the miserable path.

Be happy and endeavor so to make others happy, ought to be the motto of every one. Remember the hours mild, gloomy and the home apparently desolate by another's selfishness. In all your walks through life, think of the "Golden Rule," engrave it indelibly upon your mind; never be unconcerned about it; its worth is greater than that of precious stones. It may be the source of your eternal salvation. The first advancement toward a good resolution inspires hope, and oftentimes betokens another and perhaps many.

Selfishness dwells in narrow minds; it has such contracting properties as the pop's broom has to the natural shaped foot, and sometimes proves as painful.

You, man or woman, who in your youthful days felt the sting of poverty, but now, by a cause known to yourself, have ascended the ladder of fame or fortune, remember not the harsh sentences uttered to you only as a warning voice. Be not selfish; feel for the one before you; soothe the wanderer's aching heart; endeavor to quell the emotions which within him arise; place a soft touch upon his head and send him on rejoicing. Having done this you will not feel that remorse which a more brutal action would have caused, but in its stead will be placed a calm contentment which all realize when they have the heartfelt assurance of having done right, and still strive to remember the "Golden Rule."

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller: does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned home: it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know, also that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful reunion of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science: he drops the laborious and painful research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

Take the man of trade: what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By-and-by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love for whom he resigns his case; and in their welfare and smile he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer; he has borne the burden and the heat of the day; the descending sun has released him of his toil; and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden, outers again, and retires to rest! and the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much. Inhabitants of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house.

A darky, left in charge at a telegraph office while the opera or went to dinner, heard some one "call" over the wires, and began shouting at the instrument, "Do opera isn't yer." The noise ceased.

TRAVELLERS GUIDE, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW, TIME.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40	9.50
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10	6.20
Paris	7.40	10.25	3.25	7.50
London	7.45	12.50	5.25	0.00
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50	0.00
Windsor	1.20	5.15	9.20	0.00

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Windsor	6.20	7.45	8.25	11.30
Chatham	6.45	11.20	9.55	1.10
London	6.00	8.40	0.00	12.35
Paris	7.40	10.20	0.00	2.10
Hamilton	9.10	11.35	0.00	3.35
Sus'n Br	10.55	1.00	5.35	9.30

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00	8.10
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40	6.00	9.50

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35	7.40
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.15	5.30	9.30

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

DETROIT TO TORONTO.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30	0.00
Port Huron	7.25	7.00	9.00	0.00
Sarnia	10.20	0.00	9.45	0.00
London - Arrive	11.20	7.30	11.25	4.35

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25	9.15
Guelph	3.45	7.30	3.10	11.05

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Arrive	6.00	10.15	5.25	1.05

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	6.22	0.00	5.37	1.05
Whitby	8.00	0.00	7.07	8.55
Oshawa	0.00	0.00	7.15	9.07
Bowmanville	0.00	0.00	7.35	9.25
Port Hope	9.25	0.00	8.30	10.30
Cobourg - Arrive	9.40	0.00	8.55	10.45
Cobourg - Leave	9.55	0.00	9.15	11.00

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Belleville - Arrive	11.30	0.00	11.15	1.00
Napanee	12.15	0.00	12.00	2.05
Kings-on	1.10	0.00	1.35	3.15
Braceville	3.00	0.00	3.35	5.15

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Ottawa - Arrive	10.00pm	12.00	noon	
Prescott Jn - Arr	3.00	0.00		
Leve	3.35	0.00	4.10	5.45
Corwall	5.50	0.00	6.25	7.45
Montreal - Arrive	8.00	9.10	9.30	10.30

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00	9.00
Corwall	11.00	0.00	9.15	11.40

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Kingston - Arrive	4.05	0.00	2.00	4.00
Kingston - Leave	8.25	0.00	6.15	8.10
Bowmanville	9.15	0.00	7.35	9.00
Oshawa	10.00	0.00	8.00	9.00
Whitby	10.12	0.00	8.12	9.00
Toronto - Arrive	11.30	0.00	9.30	11.00

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25	1.30
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00	6.15

King -	-	8.25	0.00	6.15	8.10
Bowmanville	-	9.35	0.00	7.35	0.00
Oshawa	-	10.00	0.00	8.00	0.00
Whitby	-	10.12	0.00	8.12	0.00